

## Watch for the Grand Opening

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**Crafts**

121 E. Broad Street

also," Gill shouted, and the crowd fell  
away. The twelve men walked slowly  
and silently out, Beattie anxiously  
scanning each face as it passed.

**Long Moments of Suspense.**

During the moments that followed  
the boy endured a torture which almost  
as cruel as death itself. Around him  
gathered a morbid throng, heart-  
lessly boring him with their question-  
ing eyes. Several men gazed steadily  
at him for an hour, as if he were some  
strange new creature upon the earth.  
His father never left his side. An  
elderly woman in black made her way  
inside the bar and sat down a few feet  
behind the prisoner. With head bent  
and eyes lowered, she stayed a few  
moments as if in silent prayer.

Then she arose and left without a  
word to any one. Beattie held the  
newspaper before his face for a while,  
but then pulled it open and began to  
read. The wild braying of an impatient  
horse came through the win-  
dows over the heads of the staring  
crowd. A prominent Baptist minister  
waited in and took a seat. Ever  
thoughtful of the situation, Beattie  
arose and pulled his chair aside to  
let a woman pass. When a news-  
paper man handed him a sheet of  
paper with a written query on it, he  
received it with a smile and shook his  
head in answer. Both father and son  
seemed interested in the newspaper,  
and the prisoner presently called the  
old man's attention to some article  
that particularly amused him. They  
bent over it together for a moment.  
A water-carrier came by and both  
Beattie asked for a drink.

The moment was slipping away,  
and supper time was slowly draw-  
ing. The great red country sun was slowly  
sinking below the horizon and darkness  
was not far off. A deputy came in  
with two kerosene lamps and made  
ready for a long siege. On two of the  
courtroom windows sills telegraph in-  
struments had been placed, and the  
faint click of the sounder could be  
heard from the room every now and then.  
The whole world was watching Beattie  
now. Every time he winked his eye  
the fact was flashed on one end of  
the country to the other. He seemed  
to understand the situation, and it  
added to his nervousness. Almost it  
seemed as if he forced himself to win,  
no more.

By this time every creek in the floor  
started the crowd like a walking  
ghost in the dead of night. A man's  
life was being voted away upstairs,  
perhaps the jury were disagreeing.  
Nearly an hour had passed, and it be-  
gan to look as if the verdict would  
be slow coming. It came at last, sud-  
denly a soft shuffling of feet overhead  
and then a series of sharp raps upon  
the ceiling almost brought the crowd  
to its feet. A deadly paleness settled  
upon the elder Beattie's face never to  
lift again. His son looked quickly  
around and then turned and stared  
straight in front of him. Quick action  
could mean nothing but disaster for  
them. Their only hope lay in long  
argument and final disagreement.

**Jury Returns With Verdict.**

Seated at drifted away to the lawn,  
gulping down sandwiches and well  
water and nervously themselves for  
the night. Back they dashed now  
in a scrambling race. The jury was  
coming. More instructions? No, no  
doubt. Nobody knew. Beattie smiled  
faintly, and then laughed outright at  
the craning necks of those fighting so  
desperately to get a full view of his  
face. Douglas, his brother, pushed his  
way in, and, looking at the counsel  
table, followed soon afterward. Lamps  
were hurriedly lighted, and with the con-  
trast of kerosene wicks flared and  
snaked until it seemed for a moment  
as if the courtroom would be in dark-  
ness when the verdict was pronounced.  
Another sound, and the jury came  
from above. It began to look like a  
false alarm. Presently the judge en-  
tered, with the sheriff close at his  
heels. Beattie glanced hurriedly  
around again. A footfall sounded  
somewhere. The side aisle was cleared  
as if by magic. It was no mistake. A jury-  
man appeared in the doorway and af-  
ter him came eleven others.

The time was 6:26, four minutes less  
than an hour from the moment the  
jury left the room with the indict-  
ment. Long and fixedly Beattie gazed  
at the men who were to give him life  
or death, and look him in the face and  
speak the verdict. The roll was called  
and the twelve answered.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you  
reached a verdict?"

The clerk's voice broke upon a  
grave silence. A second, which  
seemed an hour, passed, and then  
the dreaded answer came.

"We have."

All felt now that Beattie's end had  
come, and yet there lingered a chance  
that he might still go free. The sus-  
pense was horrible. The attorneys  
were called, and Judge Gregory was  
absent. A deputy rushed after him,  
and presently he came in, walking with  
lead feet. It seemed that he would  
never get to his place. With haunting  
eyes the prisoner looked on, his jaw  
bone muscle working steadily like a  
pulse. Judge Watson arose. Around  
him in the still lamplight glared were  
packed 200 strained, drawn faces. Men

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breathed hard and fought with the im-  
patient surging in their breasts. The  
court still paused. It was necessary  
to warn the crowd again that there  
must be no disorder, no word of ap-  
proval or disapproval for what was  
coming. At last the judge sat down.  
Beattie stood up, straight as a sapling.  
"Gentlemen of the jury, what say  
you to this?"

It came in a chorus from the twelve  
men. Beattie still stood his ground,  
not quivering. His father seemed  
turned to stone—gray and worn, ten  
years older in a minute. Douglas bit  
his piece of gum convulsively, his face  
when in the crowd not a man stirred.  
The stillness was frightful. A woman  
covered her face with both hands and  
sobbed. A half-grown came from an  
overlooked boy in one corner of the  
room. Outside the clicking telegraph  
keys worked madly.

**Jury Sent Back to Room.**

The verdict was not complete. The  
jury had failed to indicate the degree  
of murder charged. Wednesday  
arose to propose an amendment, but  
was silenced by the court. The twelve  
men were sent back to prepare their  
deliberation anew.

With bowed head counsel sat and  
waited. Suddenly Smith bent toward  
the prisoner and the two whispered  
earnestly for a moment. The flick-  
ering lamps were smoking again and  
it was a dim and ghastly scene within  
the courtroom. Beattie's father never  
stirred. Leaning upon one hand with  
an elbow resting upon the bar the old  
man dreamed the cup of sorrow to his  
grim and silent. Dry-eyed, but  
crushed, he seemed to have lost all  
power of motion. It was a sight to  
shake strong hearts.

The jury were long in the perform-  
ance of a formality. At 6:46 o'clock  
they came back, however, and the pro-  
cedure was repeated to the last gres-  
sive detail. The clerk again asked  
the verdict and the voices cried,  
"Guilty." The indictment was return-  
ed to the desk, and the clerk read the  
words:

"We the jury find the prisoner guilty  
of murder in the first degree."

With the consent of the twelve and  
as a matter of form the court added:  
"As charged in the indictment within."  
Each man was asked, "Do you con-  
cur in that verdict?" and answered  
"Aye." The task was done. The court  
thanked the jurymen for the consen-  
sual discharge of their duty, and then  
relieved them of further service.

Mr. Carter arose. Speaking slowly  
but calmly enough, he asked that the  
verdict be set aside as contrary to the  
law and the evidence and for misad-  
ministration of the jury, and for various  
reasons in evidence to which exception  
has been noted and for failure to  
strike from the record objectionable  
portions of the closing argument of  
the State. He did not care to argue  
the point.

After brief consideration the court  
overruled the motion. Judge Watson  
declared that though the case had ap-  
parently been of great interest to the  
public, it involved few important ques-  
tions of law, and no new legal prin-  
ciples had arisen to be adjudicated. He  
did not intend that the rulings of the  
court could have been of any great  
consequence as to the merits of the  
case. Where disagreement had arisen  
between counsel the prisoner had in-  
variably enjoyed the benefit of every  
protection authorized by law. There-  
fore he could see no error and no  
ground for a favorable action upon the  
motion.

**Sentence Pronounced.**

Failing here, counsel for the pris-  
oner, after recording an exception, de-  
clared that he desired a ninety-day stay  
of judgment in order to prepare an  
appeal. The Commonwealth objected  
that the stay was contrary to the law,  
that otherwise the case would go be-  
yond the coming term of the Supreme  
court, and the administration of jus-  
tice would be delayed six or eight  
months. Declaring that the defense  
had already been harshly dealt with in  
being forced to trial before it was  
prepared, and characterizing the stay  
as an additional effort to hasten final  
judgment unduly, Mr. Carter insisted  
upon his motion. In view of the ex-  
ception he had taken, the court granted  
it. It was subsequently agreed that  
in private conference that the date be  
fixed for November 24, which is but  
slightly less than sixty days, and  
which will yet give the Supreme Court  
opportunity to act at its next session.  
Shortly after 7 o'clock sentence was  
pronounced upon the prisoner. Beattie  
stood again, as firm as before.  
"Henry Clay Beattie, have you any-  
thing to say why sentence should not  
now be passed upon you by the judge  
of this court?" the clerk asked.

"I have nothing to say," answered  
Beattie promptly in a loud voice with-  
out a quiver.

Then he sat down. The judge spoke,  
deeply feeling shaking his voice.  
"The court would say to the prisoner  
at the bar that it greatly desires that  
no word from the bench shall add to  
the anxiety of his mind or disturb his  
peace further. The court has ruled in  
this case to see that the prisoner have  
every legal right accorded to him by  
the laws of this Commonwealth. When-  
ever a question has arisen the judge  
has leaned toward the side of the  
prisoner, and I am now unaware that  
there is any legal right he has not  
enjoyed."

"I had earnestly hoped that this  
young man could produce testimony to  
prove himself innocent. I would then  
have felt that a great stain had been  
left from this county and a black  
page in its history blotted out. To me  
the evidence has been what it has been  
in this case, as far as I know and  
believe were as conscientious, intelli-  
gent, patriotic men as have ever  
served this court. Their verdict set-  
tles for the court the question of your  
guilt or innocence."

A jury of your peers have found  
you guilty of the crime. Your situation  
greatly appeals to my sympathy. As  
a youth you had much that man  
desires. Relieved in large measure of  
ordinary worries, you felt yourself  
free from poverty, and a long and  
happy life seemed to spread before  
you. It is sad that such a prospect  
should be altered."

"It is far from my heart, sir, to re-  
proach you for your misdeeds. It is only  
for me to say that the verdict of this jury  
calls you guilty of murder in the first  
degree, and imposes upon me the duty  
of now pronouncing sentence upon  
you. The decision of this court, there-  
fore, is, sir, that on Friday, the  
24th day of November, you be trans-  
ferred to the custody of the Superin-  
tendent of the penitentiary, and on  
that day, between sunrise and sunset,  
your life be taken in manner pre-  
scribed by law; may God have mercy  
upon you."

**How Jury Viewed Case.**

To the amazement of those who be-  
held the sight Beattie smiled as the  
court, with trembling voice, signed  
his doom. The boy turned with a  
start and his hand to his mouth. He  
had, staring straight in front of  
him, appearing far more disturbed by  
the blow than the prisoner himself.  
It was a curious scene. Perhaps the  
true Beattie stood revealed at last,  
a man strongly lacking in smiles. It  
begins to look as if he smiles at  
everything—death itself.

The rest of the day quickly over. Both  
prisoner and counsel declined to dis-  
cuss the verdict for publication. It has  
been intimated that Beattie will issue  
a lengthy statement, but he is not  
ready yet, and probably will not be  
until after the Supreme Court reviews  
the case. He went back to the Ches-  
terfield jail, a million pictures man  
catching him just as he walked up to  
the prison. The report of the flash-  
light caused great excitement for the  
moment, the crowd believing that the  
condemned man had done away with  
himself. The elder Beattie spent a few  
moments in the cell with his son and  
then, accompanied by Douglas, return-  
ed to the family home in South Rich-  
mond.

The jurymen was soon the centre  
of an eager, gesticulating little crowd.  
The verdict was unanimous from the  
start. The suggestion made a few  
days ago that the men had made up  
their minds and would not be influ-  
enced by argument proved literally  
true. There was no division of senti-  
ment. A secret ballot was taken first,  
and every man of the twelve voted  
for conviction. The case as a whole  
was then considered briefly, the jury-  
men arguing the points with one an-  
other. For a moment the deliberation  
was halted and the twelve men bent  
in prayer. Mr. E. Blankenship leading.  
Then the discussion was resumed and  
continued five or ten minutes. Finally  
an open ballot was taken, and the re-  
sult was precisely the same—convic-  
tion.

Apparently the jurymen considered  
the entire case of the Commonwealth  
strong. According to one of them last  
night, the chief convincing feature in  
the mass of testimony was the pur-  
chase story of Paul Beattie, con-  
firmed by other witnesses. The alibi  
was not considered, and it is not par-  
ticularly in the result. The jury would  
have convicted him without it.

**Smith's Great Argument.**

The argument consumed the entire  
day up to the late afternoon and  
brought hundreds of people to the  
courthouse. It began with a continua-  
tion of the plea for the defense.  
Mr. Smith congratulated the jury  
upon the completion of its arduous  
duties, and paid it high tribute for  
conscientious work and courteous and  
fair attention to all the testimony.  
The fine voice and distinguished pres-  
ence of the great lawyer added much  
weight to his words. Carefully he be-  
gan and throughout carefully contin-  
ued, heaving close to the line and  
building his plea upon evidence and

charge, with an occasional touch of  
sentiment. Greatly he deplored and  
severely condemned the failure of the  
Commonwealth's attorney to present  
the State's case in full, leaving to the  
defense much as a mere matter of  
surmise. In every trial, civil or crim-  
inal, he declared, it was customary for  
the opening address to set forth in full  
the whole argument from the view-  
point of the prosecution, in order that  
the other side might be in position to  
meet the charge. But here the State  
had sidestepped and apparently was  
deliberately holding for its last word  
several important features having a  
direct bearing on the issue. Such tac-  
tics left the defense at a great dis-  
advantage and forced it to fight in the  
dark. Particular reference was made  
to the testimony of the Chesterfield  
dayman and the supposed theory that  
the prisoner went early to the scene  
of the crime, the better to prepare for  
the murder of a few hours later.

Great emphasis was laid by Mr.  
Smith upon some of the instructions to  
the jury. Evidently counsel were de-  
termined to make the most of the safe-  
guards thrown around the prisoner,  
pounding steadily into the jury the ele-  
mentary principles pronounced by the  
court. Much was said of the right of  
the accused to the presumption of in-  
nocence until proven guilty; of the bur-  
den upon the Commonwealth, not borne  
by the defense; of the value of evi-  
dence of good character in the deter-  
mination of the question of malice; of  
the intelligence of the prisoner and the  
absurdity of motive; of the danger  
of the absence of motive; of the dan-  
gers of circumstantial evidence; of the  
prisoner's just claim to the advantage  
of every doubt; of the mercy that  
should temper the law.

**Inconceivable, He Says.**

Upon two points touching the mind  
and manners of his client, Mr. Smith  
spoke at length. Henry Beattie, what-  
ever else, was a man of good educa-  
tion and of exceptional native intelli-  
gence, he declared. Even the most  
careless and heartless cross-examina-  
tion of the Commonwealth had failed ut-  
terly to shake him. "And yet the theory  
of the Commonwealth would make of  
this man of intelligence a dunce and an  
idiot in the bungling preparation of  
this brutal scheme of murder." But  
that was not all. It had been shown  
beyond all question that the pris-  
oner was not only an educated and in-  
telligent man, but an "amiable and kindly"  
man. "And yet here again the theory  
of the Commonwealth would make of  
him the most monstrous brute in all  
the annals of crime."

Amplifying these two circumstances,  
Mr. Smith went on to point out the  
absurdities of the State's case, that  
made it impossible to connect it with  
a man of intelligence. Of the charac-  
ter of Henry Beattie he spoke with  
great certainty, challenging contradic-  
tion from any side—"a gentle, affection-  
ate, loving son, devoted brother, true  
and loyal companion, kindly friend, in-  
telligent and successful man of affairs."

Not all the activity of those "human  
bloodhounds," the detectives, could  
shake the defense here, he declared.  
With his hand resting on the boy's  
shoulder, Mr. Smith asserted boldly  
that Henry Beattie stood revealed be-  
fore all as "truthful and kindly  
man," and he defied any person to  
prove it otherwise. With this true, it  
was inconceivable, he believed, that  
Henry Beattie conceived a crime that  
for brutality outclassed all the Bor-  
gias of ancient Rome, slept on it, car-  
ried it in his brain, hugged it to his  
breast through day and night, while  
the innocent, unsuspecting ones moved  
about him. "Impossible," gentlemen.  
If he did this thing, no fouler gen-  
darm exists in hell. But look at him, gen-  
tlemen. Impossible, I say. Inconceiv-  
able."

**Attacks State's Case.**

Proceeding, Mr. Smith dissected the  
whole body of the evidence and the  
law, taking up a feature here and  
ripping it to pieces as far as he  
could. As a general thing, witnesses  
for the prosecution, he declared, had  
tried to tell the truth. There had been  
among them no purpose to misrepresent  
and no evidence of a bad motive. "They  
have simply been mistaken, and we  
will prove beyond a doubt that they  
were mistaken."

Particular reference was made by Mr.  
Smith to the testimony of Tom Owen,  
uncle of the dead girl. "Proudly I say  
of my old friend that I have never  
seen a fairer man in the witness chair.  
I would willingly rest my case here  
and now on his testimony. I offer to do  
it."

But when it came to the detectives

there was no such amiable word.  
With biting sarcasm Mr. Smith de-  
nounced the activity of the "horde,"  
and declared that evidence favorable to  
the prisoner had been lightly brushed  
aside and attention given to nothing  
that did not serve to sustain the pre-  
conceived notions of the over-zealous  
slueths. The sharp slaps at Scherer,  
Jarell and the others provoked a smile  
from the spectators every now and  
then, and a flicker of amusement some-  
times crossed even the sphinx-like face  
of a jurymen. The chief detective  
was present in the room yesterday and  
smilingly received all the thrusts. He  
could scarcely be said to be worrying  
over the assault.

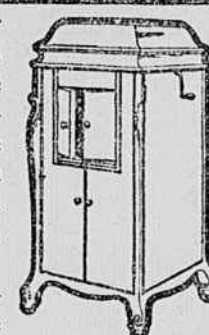
**The Hand of Providence.**

The Kastelberg affair came in for  
much attention. Mr. Smith frankly  
admitted that the testimony of the  
Bon Air boys, apparently proving the  
presence of Henry Beattie in the road  
near the scene of the crime a few  
moments before the fatal shot was  
fired, appeared at first to settle the  
case. Even counsel for the prisoner  
began to doubt and fear then. The  
prospect seemed spreading gloomily  
before the accused man. "It was  
damning evidence, enough to convict."  
But God Almighty moves in mysteri-  
ous ways. His wonders are never  
ending. While counsel sat in the court-  
room feeling the case slipping from their  
grasp a telephone message came like  
a flood of light from the sky. The  
man whose standing car was in the  
road that night had confessed, and the  
man was not Henry Beattie, but Carl  
Kastelberg. "In truth, gentlemen, he  
came here with much compunc-  
tion and much reluctance, and little  
credit he deserves for it. He did not  
wish to do it, but he was forced to  
do it by men who knew him. But  
Kastelberg had he held back this  
thing on which an innocent man's life  
might depend. He learned this soon  
and then he came." No pretense was  
made by Mr. Smith of believing the  
butcher's statement that he was not

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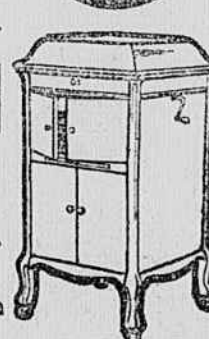
Victor Needles  
6c. per 100, 6c. per 1000,  
Victrolas \$10 to \$100

Victor-Victrola IX  
Mahogany or oak \$50



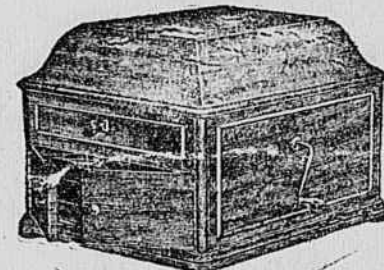
Victor-Victrola X  
Mahogany or oak \$75

Victor-Victrola XI  
Mahogany or oak \$100



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aware of the identity of the woman.  
"I put no faith in this, or in his in-  
timation that he was himself too drunk  
to know what he was doing; these  
were but expedients to help preserve  
the peace of two homes—his home and  
some other man's." But the rest of  
the story he did believe, and he knew  
the jury also believed. Other witnesses  
had come to substantiate it. The Com-  
monwealth had lost its vital point. Its  
case fell flat. "God be praised, gen-  
tlemen," I say it reverently. But for  
this intervention of Providence this  
boy might have died for a crime he  
did not commit. God be praised."

**Beattie Watches Jury.**

By noon the courtroom was crowded  
and scores of people stood about the  
lawn, listening through the open win-  
dows. The day was hot, but a pleas-  
ant breeze was stirring. The specta-  
tors hung on the lawyer's words.  
Smith was making the greatest argu-  
ment of his life—one of the greatest  
ever heard in a courtroom. Nothing  
was lacking—keen ridicule, biting sar-  
casm, powerful force of oratory, skill-  
ful analysis of evidence. With a weak  
case he made a strong and masterly  
plea. If Beattie had to lose, it was  
his own inherent weakness, his own  
dare-devil recklessness on the stand,  
and not the fault of counsel.

And all this time the boy sat sub-  
dued and quiet, leaning with his elbows  
upon the bar. Not a smile crossed his  
face during the entire morning. The  
thought of what the coming hours  
might bring forth was evidently  
weighing heavily upon him now.  
Throughout the day he gazed as if  
fascinated at the twelve men in the  
box trying to hypnotize some one of them.  
With sombre, appealing eyes he  
traveled back and forth, back and  
forth along the double line, seeking  
hope, but finding little to give him  
courage.

The dangers of circumstantial evi-  
dence were pointed out by Mr. Smith,  
who read the court's instructions, and  
charged. He related striking incidents  
of innocent men caught in the coils  
of a net of circumstances and unable  
to extricate themselves until too late.  
"God help you gentlemen if you shall  
ever come the thought that you have  
robbed an innocent man of the heaven-  
sent boon of life; God help you if you  
find too late that some other man  
thing for which you have killed a man.  
Beware! The day of reckoning must  
come. The mistakes you make here  
now twelve by twelve you must an-  
swer for later on by one."

**Anticipates Wendenburg.**

With great skill Mr. Smith antici-  
pated many of the arguments of Mr.

(Continued on Eleventh Page.)

## WEEPS WHEN SHE HEARS SENTENCE

(Continued From First Page.)

"I can't stand for Beulah. New York  
doesn't want her kind."  
It was learned to-day that efforts to  
engage rooms for Miss Blinford at  
several Broadway hotels were met by  
the reply in each case that there were  
no vacant rooms.  
She was busy to-day posing for pic-  
tures at a place on Staten Island,  
where films are made for the nickel  
theatres.

"New York frightens me," she said,  
"but I just had to come here. I  
couldn't stay in Richmond. My mama  
wanted to take me out in the country,  
but it would have been just as bad  
there. People would have come for  
miles around to look at me and make  
comments about me. I wanted to get  
away and I took the first train out of  
Richmond after they let me out of  
jail."

**Not at All Backward.**

The Blinford girl is not at all back-  
ward in discussing the Beattie case.  
As a matter of fact she doesn't know  
much of anything else to talk, except  
her own pitiful career. In referring  
to young Beattie, she calls him "Henry  
Clay."

"I just can't take my mind off Henry  
Clay," she exclaimed. "Not that I  
love him. I don't care any more for  
him in that way than I did for any  
number of young men, but he was kind  
to me, and from what I know of him,

I am sure he did not kill his wife. He  
isn't that kind of a man."

"When I was in jail in Richmond he  
didn't know what minute I might be  
called to the courthouse to go on the  
witness stand. I seemed to have a  
sort of personal interest in Henry  
Clay's case. Now it all seems so far  
away, but I am more worried about  
it than I was when I was in Richmond.  
From New York I kind of look at it  
in a different way."

Miss Blinford was reasserting her  
confidence in Beattie's acquittal to-  
night when the news of his conviction  
reached New York. At first she seem-  
ed completely dazed. When she re-  
gained her composure she wept bitter-  
ly, but still declared that Beattie was  
innocent, and would never suffer the  
death penalty for the crime he now  
stands convicted of committing. Im-  
plying that he would be given a new  
trial and eventually acquitted.

**\$1.50--Round Trip--\$1.50**

TO  
OLD POINT, BUCKROE, OCEAN VIEW,  
NORFOLK, CAPE HENRY,  
VIRGINIA BEACH,  
Every Sunday via

**C&O**  
Two Trains, 8:30 and 9 A. M.  
A fast, clean ride over rock ballast  
double track.

## Remarkable Christmas Present

Among the curious Christmas pre-  
sents of this year will be one for a man  
of national reputation, which has been  
all year long in the making.

Way last January the present was  
decided upon, and a friend of the prom-  
inent gentleman requested the Burrelle  
Press Clipping Bureau of New York  
to watch every paper in America and  
to take up every item which appeared  
concerning the man.

The clipping bureau people followed  
instructions, and now present the his-  
tory of one year in the life of this  
special man.

The history ends just after election,  
and the 26,442 newspaper items found  
include everything from a three-line  
editorial mention to full-page illus-  
trated stories. These have been mount-  
ed on 3,200 great sheets of Irish linen  
paper and bound into three massive  
volumes.

At the head of each item is the name  
and date of paper clipped from, this  
information having been put in with a  
book of penitence. The words thus in-  
serted amount to 150,000.

In actual time, a very strict record  
of which has been kept, the work has  
required sixty-four working days  
throughout the year, and has kept in  
employment during that time thirty  
people, as readers, clippers, sorters,  
binders and laborers. Every news-  
paper of importance is represented.

This is merely a specimen of some of  
the unique orders which get into the  
Burrelle Bureau, for the extent to  
which clippings are used by individuals  
and by business concerns seems to be  
remarkable.

There are many people in private as  
well as in public life who need press  
clippings and don't know it. It might  
be well for them to look up this man  
Burrelle, who is said to be so well  
known that a letter simply addressed  
"Burrelle, New York," will reach him  
with no delay.

## Johnson's Floor Preparations